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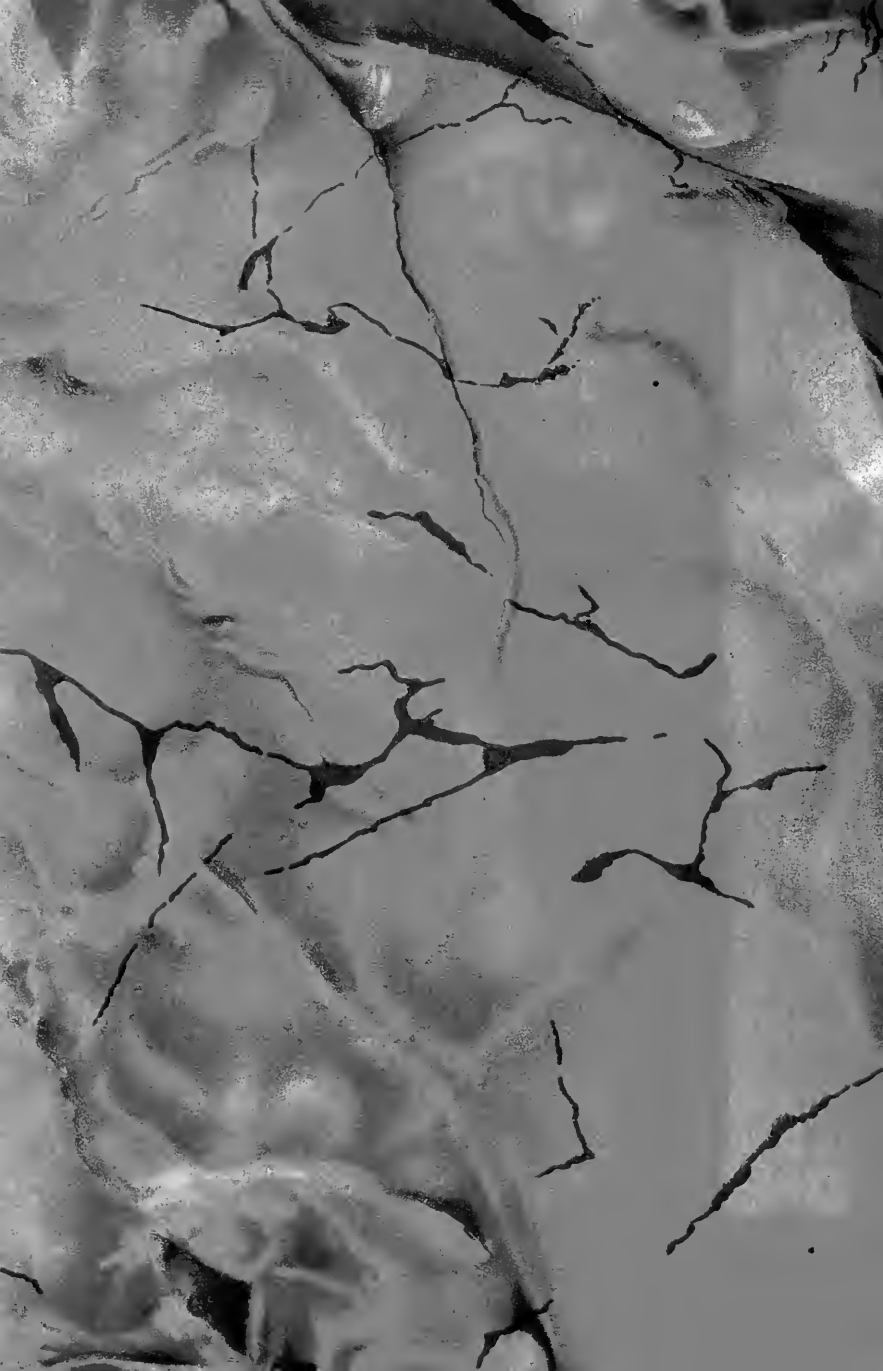
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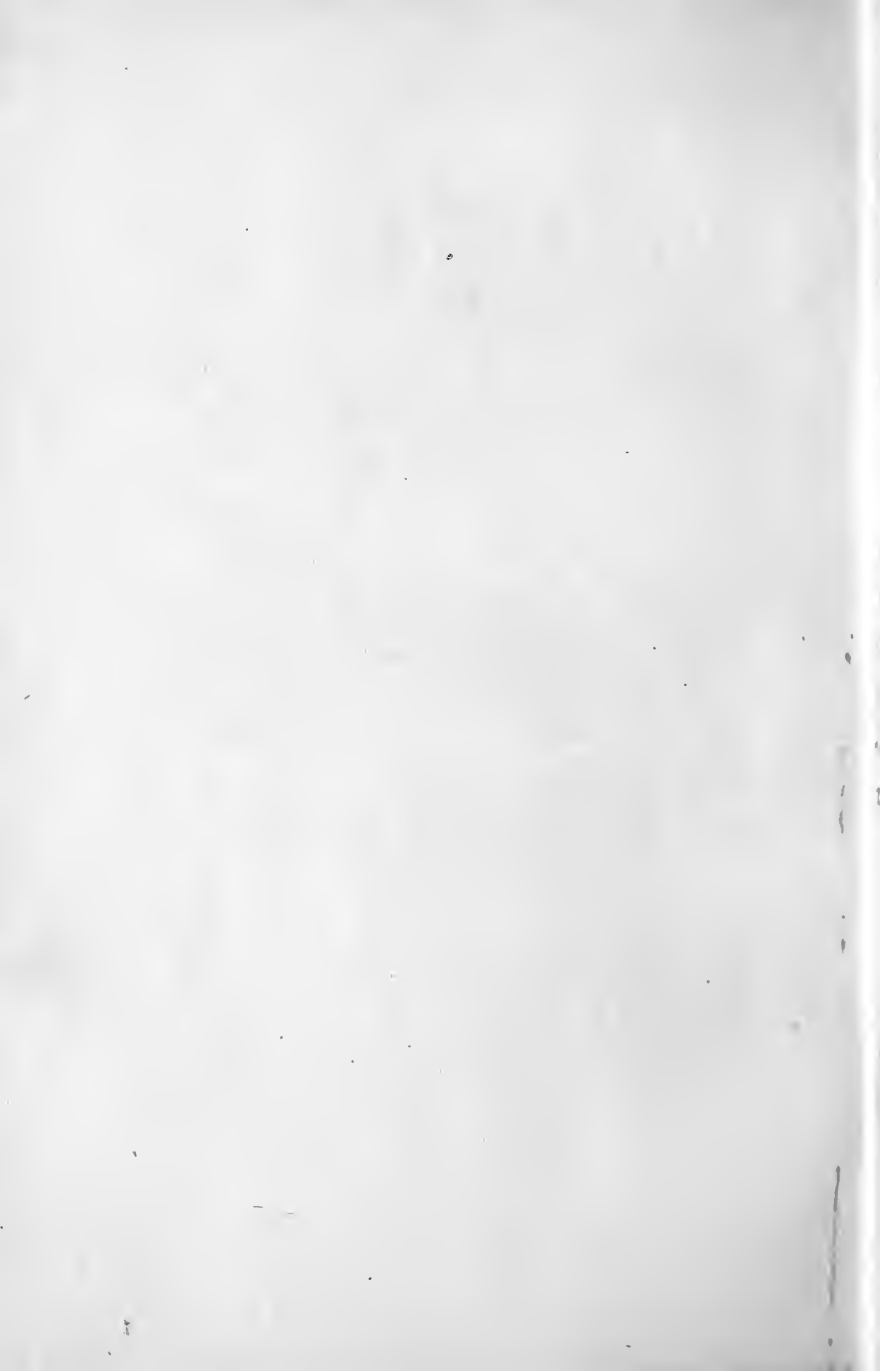
# A Book o' Verse

by

Clarence B. Douglas



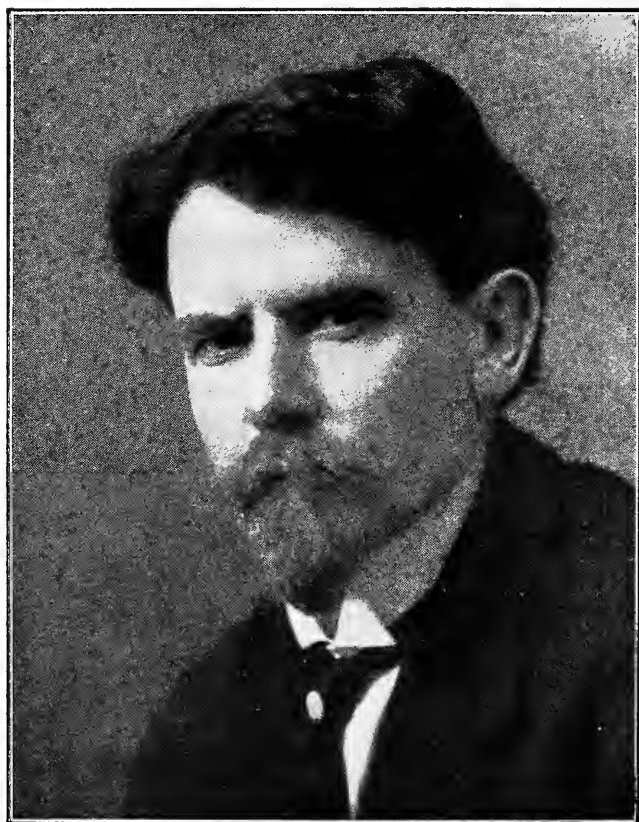














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Clarence B. Douglas

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MS. B. 8 Jan 1920

To R. M. McF.—

Because you have aided the helpless,

Because you have buried their dead,

Because you have clothed the naked

And those who were hungry you fed,

Because from every angle

You've stood four square and true—

Because of these things, "Old Pioneer,"

I dedicate this to you.

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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

In prowling through some family scrap-books, the writer selected from a job lot of alleged poems and prose articles those making up the text of this volume. Practically all of the verse has heretofore been published under the signature of the writer in newspapers and magazines and will not be new to some of the readers. Nothing is claimed for the compilation except that the author is personally responsible for the creation of the contents of the collection. He appreciates to the fullest extent their lack of literary merit, but has put them together in this form as a gift-book for purely private circulation among some of his more intimate friends.

The most ambitious of the verses—"The Criminal Convert"—is based on an incident of the old Indian Territory days and is a part of the history of the Chickasaw Nation. "Columbia, We have Answered," was written on the day the

registration booths were opened for the selective draft and was inspired by the throngs of red-blooded American boys swarming around the booths for registration. The concluding article—"The Dawn"—was written as an editorial in the Muskogee Daily Phoenix, of which the writer was then editor, and was published when the law was passed creating a state out of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, and is now embalmed in the history of the State of Oklahoma, compiled by Historian Joseph B. Thoburn, page 886. Other articles were suggested from time to time by the trend of events and are put together in this little volume without the expectation of attracting especial attention.

The selection was made with the view of having something along patriotic lines, something in dialect, nature studies, sentiment and religious philosophy. With this explanation and excuse for perpetrating the volume on my friends I leave it with them.

CLARENCE B. DOUGLAS.

## CHRISTMAS MORN

What matter if the other days may  
    come and go,  
Each bringing in its train its joy or woe;  
This day, conceived by Deity, a child  
    was born;  
This day belongs to Him, 'tis Christmas  
    morn.

What words e'er spoken  
By human tongue  
Bring rushing to the brain of man  
Such hallowed and such cherished recol-  
    lections?  
What words so cause the mind  
World wearied though it be,  
To quicken with the flood of memory  
And leaping the gulf of time  
Flow back to those sweet sainted days  
    of yore.

What images of all that's noblest and  
    best  
Of all most holy and most sacred  
Are conjured up,  
As if by magic, heaven sent,

What thoughts of home  
And all a home can mean  
To childish innocence and purity  
Come trooping down the corridors of  
time  
From out the dim and mouldy past.  
It matters not  
If hut or hovel bore the title home.  
It matters not  
If princely palace was the place.  
It matters not  
If wealth was lavish in its gifts,  
Or poverty was pinching with its pain,  
The elements of happiness were there  
On Christmas morn.

As beacon lights adown life's pathway  
Succeeding morns like this  
Have spent in radiant splendor,  
Chaining with annual links of love  
The present to the days of long ago.  
On this day, God given to the Son of  
Man,  
The eye glistens with a new-found flash.  
Lips curve into heartfelt wishes  
For universal happiness  
And mingle their music with the child-  
ish laugh.

Remorseless kings of care,



Of worry, disappointment and discontent,  
Are this day dethroned  
And in their place  
In each true heart erected is  
A shrine of peace on earth,  
Good will to all.  
The wolves of malice, hatred and envy  
Are driven back into their lair.  
Their snarls are hushed by songs  
Of love, of peace and of affection,  
Around all, above all, permeating all,  
On this day ascend  
To God's own home.  
Paens tuned to that heavenly hymn  
Which first heard in Bethlehem  
Have for more than twenty centuries  
Been the first and last lullaby  
Listened to by all that's best  
That's lived and died  
Since dawn of time.

What matter, then, if other days may  
come and go,  
Each bringing in its train its joys or  
woe?  
This day, conceived by Deity, a child  
was born;  
The day belongs to Him, 'tis Christmas  
morn.

## THE CRIMINAL CONVERT

There were ninety men in the sultry den  
And never a man was free  
As the night came down like a darkening crown

And the storm king laughed with glee.  
The Creek was there with his raven hair  
And the Seminole so brave  
The bold Choctaw and the Chickasaw  
Were there in the living grave.

And the Cherokee from his smoked  
tepee

With eyes of the fiercest glow  
Would share his bed and divide his bread  
With a son of Mexico.

And the black and white of equal might  
Was herded there nor free,  
And the night came down like a dismal  
gown

While the storm king howled with  
glee.

The silent guard 'bove the prison yard  
Kept watch through the thick'ning  
gloom

In the tempest's splash and the light-  
ning's flash

And the thunder's crash and boom.  
While above the din in the den of sin

Like a call from a distant shore  
Came the Parson's voice bidding all re-  
joice

Tonight and forever more.

I am going to preach and I'll try to teach  
To the ninety men in here

Of the words of love from the throne  
above

(And his tones were loud and clear).

I preach to you of a Savior true

In a happy home on high,  
Where the angels dwell, all saved from  
hell,

And the righteous never die.

In my humble way I'm going to pray

To the Lord of Nazarene,

Your souls to save from a sinful grave,

To wash you white and clean.

I'm going to pray in my humble way

A pardon for every sin,

And by His grace, ere I leave this place,

I hope some soul to win.

And he prayed a prayer in the prison  
there,

As the ninety bowed their heads  
The bold Choctaw and the Chickasaw,  
The whites, the blacks, the reds,  
And the night was down like a leaden  
crown

And the storm king howled with glee  
While the Parson raised his voice and  
praised

The King of Calvary.

He prayed for the chief with his unbelief,

For the black highwayman bold,  
For the robber, too, and his bandit crew,  
For the criminals, young and old;  
For those who kill with a wanton will,  
For those who steal by night,  
For those who rape their lust to sate,  
For the drunken ones who fight.

Oh, Father above, look down in love  
On the ninety wretches here,  
And may Thy grace, e'en in this place,  
O'erwhelm their hearts with fear  
And make them see it is only Thee  
Can save their souls from hell.  
Can wash their stain with Thy holy rain  
And make them clean and well.

Oh, make them see it is only Thee  
Can bring them safely through.  
Show them the way to eternal day,  
To a better life and true.  
Make them repent of the years misspent  
And shield them with Thy love.  
Oh, save each soul from the awful goal.  
Hear thou me, God above.

Then he sang a hymn in the prison grim  
He sang, "Turn, Sinners, Turn."  
It's not too late to reach God's gate  
While the lamp holds out to burn.  
He'll welcome you with a welcome true,  
The vilest here may come.  
Oh, go with me to the Calvary,  
To my Savior's heavenly home.

Repent ye all, hear the Savior's call.  
He's bidding you return,  
And while I stand give me your hand  
And the blessed lesson learn.  
Leave sin behind and glory find.  
Tonight is the time to start.  
There is no fear when the Lord is near;  
He strengthens every heart.

Then from his bed, 'tween the black and  
red,  
Uprose an outlaw bold,

With trembling step to the Parson crept,  
All shivering as with cold,  
And a vicious flash of the lightning's  
crash

Showed his features pale and stern,  
As he bowed his head and slowly said,  
"I am resolved to turn."

"If I was free tonight," said he,

"I'd go to the little mound  
Where sleeps my child in the mountain  
wild

With the fern leaves all around,  
And bow my head o'er my loved one  
dead

And ask of the God on high  
My soul to save from a crime-stained  
grave,

In the happy bye and bye.

"By that sacred sod I'd pray to God  
To forgive my every sin.

I am ready now to take the vow  
And another life begin.

In the sight of all on the Lord I call  
To wash my garments white.

With the cleansing blood of the crim-  
son flood

I'll be baptized this night."

In the lightning's glare of the prison  
there

All the eighty-nine stood up  
And the Parson said, as upon his head  
He poured from an old tin cup,  
"I baptize the with the Trinity,  
With the Holy Ghost and Son,  
In the name and love of God above,  
And may their will be done."

And it seemed to me no one shall see  
A scene so wierd, so grand,  
As the white and red on their blanket  
bed

'Round the Christian one did stand,  
And the black man, too, and the bandit  
crew

Looked on as the Parson cried,  
"A soul is saved and the devil braved  
By the little child that died."

Then stillness came and the storm and  
rain

Passed on with the sighing wind.  
The moon shone bright through a star-  
lit night

And the world seemed good and kind,  
While the night came down like a sil-  
very crown

And a promise gave to all,  
For the ninety men in the marshal's den  
Heard only the Savior's call.

## DREAMS

The dreams that we dreamed in childhood,

In the dawn of our day of life,  
As we played in the flowery wildwood

Away from the world of strife—  
Oh, these were the dreams of fairies

Of heavenly joy and love,  
That come and go in the dusk light's  
glow,

As sent from the throne above.  
We dream of a loving mother,

Of the warm, red lips we kiss,  
Caresses which almost smother

In ecstasy's sacred bliss,  
Of loving songs so tender

In tones so sweet and low,  
The evening hymn as the day grows  
dim,

'Tis the dream of the long ago.

And then as the sun grows brighter

In the day of the passing years,  
And the fleeting hours seem lighter,  
For our first love's hope and fears,



We dream of the blue eyes tender,  
Of the cheeks with the peach blown  
hue,  
Of the shady nook and the blushing look  
Of the maiden sweet and true.  
We dream of the stolen meetings,  
The clasp of the fluttering hand,  
Of the summer evening's greetings,  
Of curls like a golden strand;  
Of notes with their folded corners,  
Of the moonlight and the rose;  
And these, it seems, are the sweetest  
dreams  
That a fleeting life e'er knows.

The dreams that we dream in manhood,  
In the whirl of a busy life,  
When the cup seems filled with worm-  
wood,  
When trouble and sin are rife;  
Oh, these are the dreams of sorrow,  
Of misery, pain and death;  
And welcome the coming morrow  
And hail to the shortening breath,  
We dream of the cares and worry  
Of the battle day by day;  
Of the sickening haste and hurry;  
Of the debts we can never pay;  
Of ruin so swift and certain;  
Of poverty's keenest sting;

Of the rushing wave and a nameless  
grave,  
And the dream is a hideous thing.

The dreams that come in the twilight  
As the sun of life goes down,  
When the only light is the skylight,  
And the west is a burnished brown,  
Oh, these are the dreams of sages,  
The dreams of a home on high,  
Of the races run and the prizes won  
And the life in the bye and bye.  
We dream of the heaven's glory,  
Of a love that never dies,  
Of the Son of God's life story,  
Of She with the weeping eyes,  
Of joy with the singing angels,  
Where all is peace and rest,  
And these we know as they come and go,  
Of our dreams are best.

## MY SHRINE

In southern lands where dwell the sav-  
age nations,  
Where superstition rules and holds  
full sway,  
Where gods and devils all of man's cre-  
ation  
Reign absolute to whom the natives  
pray,  
The fiercest there will bow in supplica-  
tion  
To images of wood, of stone or clod,  
And they alone feel worthy of salvation,  
Invoking blessings of their favorite  
god.

Where shines the midnight sun in faded  
glory,  
Where chilling shrieks the wind from  
off the floes,  
Where icy peaks seem battling grim and  
hoary,  
With nature's forces 'mid the Eternal  
snows,  
There, far from all that makes life worth  
the living,

Where foot of civilization ne'er has  
trod,  
Are countless ones to graven ivory giving  
That worship Christians ever give to  
God.

To bow in fevered prayer before some  
altar,  
To kneel with all that's best beneath  
some shrine,  
And thus to strengthen when we seem  
to falter,  
With aid from supernatural source divine,  
Has ever been throughout the countless  
ages,  
With every race since dawn of time  
the way,  
The youth, the man, the prophets and  
the sages,  
Of every land to deities must pray.

So like all else that hath a spirit given,  
I worship where to me seems best of  
all,  
A happy home, to me my only Heaven,  
A childish laugh to me an angel call,  
A loving wife, my only inspiration,

The loved ones growing 'neath my  
vine and tree,  
With these for creeds, for shrine and for  
salvation,  
I'll meet the end, whatever it may be.



## THE LAUGH OF A LITTLE CHILD

The song bird's note in the forest green  
Seems touched by a wand divine,  
The melody pure from the Woodland  
Queen

With chords of my heart entwine,  
And the music heard by the murmuring  
sea,

Of the Song King free and wild,  
Is sweet to my ear, but I'd rather hear  
The laugh of a little child.

The laugh that comes with a burst of  
joy

From the lips that ever smiled;  
'Tis the sweetest tone I have ever  
known,

The laugh of a little child.

The golden harp and its quivering  
strings

With harmony fills the air,  
And back to my memory quickly brings  
The scenes that were bright and fair.

The old love song that a maiden sang,  
With a voice so low and mild  
Was sweet to my ear, but I'd rather  
hear  
The laugh of a little child.

The laugh that flows like a limpid  
stream,  
From lips that are undefiled;  
'Tis the sweetest tone I have ever known  
The laugh of a little child.

And when in the evening of my life,  
I know that the end is near;  
The end of pleasure, joy or strife,  
The end of hope or fear,  
Where'er I be, on land or sea,  
To the fates I am reconciled,  
If somewhere near I can only hear  
The laugh of a little child.

The laugh that seems like an angel song,  
From a soul that is undefiled;  
'Tis the sweetest tone I have ever known,  
The laugh of a little child.

## LIFE'S EBB AND FLOW

The lives of men like the restless tide  
Must ebb and flow as the fates decree,  
Some sink engulfed by the human sea,  
Some high on the rolling crest will bide.

When the tide is full you need no friend  
To ride on the silvery bright sea wave,  
No need of a helping hand to save—  
Life's pleasures seem to have no end.

Your ship will sail through the waters  
    deep  
To the harbor of hope on the golden  
    shore,  
Away from the breakers' sullen roar,  
And a sharp lookout your crew will keep.

But changed is all when the ebbing tide  
Flows out and the sea is lashed to foam,  
And want and misery's hollow moan  
With gaunt despair stalks side by side.

Then the reefs of the troubled sea of life  
All strewn with wrecks of young and  
    old



Show grim, and the heart is numb and  
cold

With its ceaseless pain and deadly strife.

God pity the wrecks along the beach,  
And save from the treacherous under-  
tow

Their souls as they waver to and fro  
Between Thy love and the Demon's  
reach.



## A-BOOZIN' WITH THE BOYS

I don't see how a feller can be always  
satisfied  
To leave his lonesome wife a-settin' by  
the fireside,  
A-waitin' fer his comin' and afeard of  
every noise,  
And him up town carousin' 'round,  
a-boozin' with the boys.  
It seems to me I'd rather be a-settin'  
'round the fire,  
Whar I could hear the young uns cheer  
with all their hearts' desire;  
A-watchin' of them playin' on the car-  
pet with their toys;  
I'd rather be a-doin this than boozin'  
with the boys.

I don't see how a feller can fergit the  
ones who wait  
And watch the winder till the day has  
darkened into night;  
Or how he can forgit that, tho' the hour  
is growing late,

The ones at home still love him, tho' he's  
doin' what ain't right.  
And when the time has come to put the  
little uns to bed,  
When all their romps are over and their  
evenin' prayers are said,  
It seems to me I'd rather be a witness  
to such joys  
Than up in town, carousin' 'round,  
a-boozin' with the boys.

I don't see how a feller can fergit the  
other days,  
When first he wooed and won her who is  
now his wedded wife;  
When all he could remember was her  
fascinatin' ways,  
And every smile she gave him was a  
sunbeam in his life;  
It seems to me 'twould better be to think  
of such as this,  
And every day to pave her way to pleas-  
ure with a kiss,  
And when we could we always should  
keep addin' to her joys.  
And let some other feller go out boozin'  
with the boys.

## SILAS SAYS

I was to an evenin' party not so very  
long ago,  
Whar the talent, wit and beauty seemed  
to be out fer a show.  
And the people of society war in their  
elemint  
When the folks thar got to talkin' 'bout  
marriage sentiment.  
A woman as was leader of the set in up-  
per ten  
Spoke of wives a lovin' husbands and of  
husbands lovin' them,  
And she ridiculed the idea, just as  
though it couldn't be,  
Sayin' love whar folks war married was  
to hear of, not to see.

She spoke of Abner Jenkins, who, as  
everybody knows,  
Is kind to all his neighbors and forgivin'  
to his foes;  
And she said she thought him silly,  
couldn't see to save her life  
How a man could be so simple as to say  
he loved his wife.

Course the crowd all jined in with her,  
and they ridiculed that man,

Saying he was soft and foolish, talkin'  
as such people can,  
And the words they used were bitter,  
and they cut me like a knife,  
When they spoke with scorn about him  
jest because he loved his wife.

I went home and got to thinkin' 'bout  
the words as they had used,  
And I wondered how it feels to have a  
heart so torn and bruished  
That it never feels the passion that  
brings happiness to life,  
And makes a home a Heaven, whar a  
husband loves his wife.

Not accordin' to our nature is it for us  
so to speak,  
And our herts must first be darkened  
by some cursed unlucky streak,  
And our lives must be embittered by the  
sin of wordly strife,  
'Fore we say in public places that no  
man should love his wife.

For myself thar's no such pleasure as  
a lovin' woman brings.  
The home of priceless treasure is whar  
love and Cupid sings,  
And I guess I'll quit society and spend  
my future life,  
Whar a man is true to nature, and a hus-  
band loves his wife.

## IN BLUEST EYES

Thine eyes were the first to tell to me  
The story that thy lips ne'er spoke;  
And in their bluest depths I see  
The smouldering flame but now awoke

Thine eyes were first to tell to me  
The secret that thy lips concealed,  
And from thy soul I seemed to see  
The faintest glimpse of love revealed.

Thine every word so well controlled  
No tender passion e'er implies,  
Yet, when I tell the story old,  
The answer comes from out thine eyes

There, in the beacons of thy heart,  
Untrained in language to deceive,  
I see thee as thou really art;  
I see the lovelight and believe.

And though thy lips shall e'er say—no,  
And all thy form the truth deny,  
Still, thou and I will ever know  
The secret told me in thine eyes.

And when the time shall come to leave  
When we have said the last good-byes,  
Into my life with love I'll weave  
The story of thy tell-tale eyes

## AT PARTING

I soon shall say good-bye, perhaps fare-  
well;  
Soon look, perchance, the last time in  
thine eyes—  
Thine azure eyes wherein thy secrets  
dwell—  
And see thy soul, and all that in it lies.

And as I look I hope I there may see  
A tender light they once before have  
shown—  
A light of joy—and may it ever be  
A gleam of love for me, for me alone.

I do not care if this be right or wrong;  
I do not care if it be good or bad;  
I do not care if it be weak or strong;  
I do not care if it be sane or mad.

I only know I wish it from my heart;  
I only know in this I am sincere,  
That when the moment comes for us to  
part  
Thy soul at last shall speak, and mine  
shall hear.

## WHERE GOD SMILED

Did you ever hear the call of the wild,  
As you pegged away at the daily grind  
With a heavy heart and a weary mind,  
Your nerves strung up like a frightened  
child—

Did you ever hear the call of the wild?

Did you ever hear the call of the stream  
As you worked along in a ceaseless  
strain,  
With muscles taut and a fagged-out  
brain

When life was a restless waking  
dream—

Did you ever hear the call of the stream?

Did you ever hear the call of the hills,  
When the sun beat down and your  
pulses throbbed,  
And you knew your youth was being  
robbed

By the city's hum and its vice and ills—  
Did you ever hear the call of the hills?



Did you ever hear the call of the trees,  
And the cry of the loon along the  
creek,  
The bark of the squirrel and the  
whirring shriek  
Of the quail and the murm'ring autumn  
leaves—  
Did you ever hear the call of the trees?

All these I heard—and they called my  
name  
Thru the sun-baked streets and the  
city's blare,  
Mid the roar and rush of its stifling  
air—  
Go where I would, it was all the same;  
I heard these calls, and in answer came!

And here in the heart of nature wild  
Is peace, content and joy and rest  
And all that goes to make life blessed,  
And over it all it seems God smiled,  
And made me again a laughing child.

## I AM TULSA

I am Tulsa,  
The city with a history,  
The city with a vision,  
And looking back along the yesterdays  
I smile with pride for things accomplished.  
The future I look into with fearless eye,  
Content and confident,  
For I am Tulsa, the unafraid.

I am Tulsa,  
The patriotic city,  
And ten thousand of my own  
Red-blooded men  
Have heard the nation's call,  
Have heard and answered.  
On all the Seven Seas,  
Across No Man's Land  
In Belgium, Italy and France  
Are those who call me home,  
And calling thus will soon return  
To Tulsa.

I am Tulsa  
And, where'er my sons may wander

There is my name spoken,  
And in pride they say it  
As no other name is said.  
And back to me not only  
Will they come  
When comes the righteous peace,  
But each with him  
Will bring another man to  
Know and love his Tulsa.

I am Tulsa,  
The mighty melting pot,  
Where fused and blended  
Are the Nation's best,  
And where Aladdin's lamp  
Has been outshone in splendor.  
I am the home of culture,  
Wealth and pleasure,  
Of homes content and happy,  
Of peace, prosperity, energy and ambi-  
tion.  
And to the cold,  
The naked and the hungry,  
Where'er the God of War  
Holds sway, I give and give  
And give again, for  
I am generous Tulsa.

I am Tulsa.  
My schools and churches

Are my pride and joy.  
To make every male  
And female child  
A noble man and woman,  
That is my aim  
And my ambition,  
And ever I aim true  
And do these things  
I seek to do,  
For I am Tulsa.

I am Tulsa,  
The home of pioneer  
And tenderfoot,  
The Nation's mighty midway.  
And here shall meet, shall  
Mingle and shall mate  
The Nation's best of  
All that's best,  
And o'er and o'er decades to come  
My name shall be  
On every tongue  
And poet's pen  
Be made to sing  
The fame of unmatched Tulsa.

## SUNSET AT WESTPORT

The sun sinks down mid a spray of gold,  
In its glittering bed 'neath the ocean  
deep;  
And the life of another day is told,  
The life of all who sing or weep.  
As the glimmering rays cross the wa-  
ter's gleam,  
Sparkle and glow, then slowly die,  
The sad sea waves to the twilight seem  
To murmur a fond farewell good-bye.

The evening's light with a darkening  
shade  
Flits over the water's golden hue,  
And a bridal couch for the sun is made  
In the distant depths of the ocean's  
blue.  
The silvery moon from the eastland's  
glow,  
The twinkling stars shine pure and  
bright,  
Through the fleecy clouds that come  
and go,  
And bathe the earth in their mellow  
light.

The song bird's note is hushed and still,  
The moaning sea sings a sad farewell,  
The towering pines on the rock-ribbed  
hill

Nod a last goodnight to the flowery  
dell;  
Then the day is gone and the night is  
here

With its rest from toil, with its slum-  
ber hour,  
And the heavens above seem doubly  
near

As the night comes on in its mystic  
power.



## COLUMBIA, WE HAVE ANSWERED

### I.

We have heard your call, Columbia;  
We have answered in our might  
With ten million saying, "Present,"  
Lined up ready for the fight.  
From the mills and mines we answered,  
From the office, farm and banks,  
We're ten million strong, Columbia,  
And we're ready for the ranks.

### II.

We have heard your call, Columbia,  
And we come ten million strong;  
We are girded for the battle  
For the right against the wrong!  
We will cross the seas, Columbia;  
We will reach the Kaiser's lair,  
And the Huns will feel the thunder  
Of our guns, when we are there!

### III.

We have heard your call, Columbia,  
And with steel and shot and shell  
We will sweep the German trenches  
'Til the yawning gates of hell

Have received their own, Columbia—  
Kaiser, Prince and Hussar, too,  
Then the world will bow, Columbia,  
In a prayer of thanks to you.

## IV.

When comes peace to thee, Columbia—  
Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men—  
And the world shall be rebuilt,  
We'll come home to thee; and then  
You shall tell in song and story  
How we heard, ten millions strong,  
How we answered, how we battled;  
How avenged the German wrong!

## V.

We'll come back to thee, Columbia,  
Back to home and fireside;  
We'll come back to thee, the living—  
Leaving those who there have died.  
And the memory of the fallen  
Will be blessed with smiling tears,  
And the world be saved, Columbia,  
Throughout all the coming years.





All ready to fight and to die;  
And under the folds of Old Glory,  
We'll battle with courage divine—  
We'll fight and we'll win to the gates of  
Berlin,  
When Pershing says, "On to the  
Rhine."

### CHORUS

Then up with the Star-Spangled Banner,  
Send the new battle cry down the line,  
For we'll crush in defeat all the Huns  
we may meet,  
When Pershing says, "On to the  
Rhine."



## TULSA'S FIGHTING ENGINEERS

Came ye home again to Tulsa  
From the battlefields afar,  
Came ye home again to loved ones  
From the blood-stained land of war,  
And our anxious days are over  
As we cheer you through our tears.  
Welcome home again, thrice welcome,  
Tulsa's noble Engineers.

Came ye home again to Tulsa  
From the scream of shot and shell,  
Where the Kaiser and his minions  
Made the world a blazing hell.  
Where ye held aloft the banner  
Of Columbia's hopes and fears,  
Where ye added to its glory,  
Tulsa's soldier Engineers.

Came ye home again our heroes  
From the carnage o'er the sea,  
Bringing back a nation's homage  
And your flag of Victory;  
And we meet ye and we greet ye  
With a swelling heart and cheers,  
May God bless and keep ye always,  
Tulsa's fighting Engineers.

## THERE ARE OTHERS

If fortune smiles upon you and all is going well  
And you have a nice deposit in the bank,  
Don't look with scorn around you and  
allow your head to swell,  
For "you're not the only turtle in the tank."

If the present holds no sadness and the future, too, looks bright,  
Your many friends have wealth and social rank,  
Don't dissipate the gladness with a deed that is not right,  
For "you're not the only turtle in the tank."

When existence seems completed, from the loving cup you quaff  
Life's elixir—sweetest nectar ever drank—  
'Tis not best to get conceited and at misfortune laugh,  
For "you're not the only turtle in the tank."

It may be on the morrow when the  
wheel of fortune turns,  
Your happy life will be a dreary blank;  
Your joys have turned to sorrow with a  
misery that burns,  
Still "you're not the only turtle in the  
tank."

Let us try to help each other as we  
journey through this life,  
And when we near the river's mystic  
bank  
Try our selfishness to smother, put  
aside all petty strife,  
For we all alike "are turtles in the tank."

In the end we all are equal, when we're  
laid away to rest—  
The millionaire, the pauper and the  
crank.  
A little mound's the sequel of the vilest  
and the best;  
Death claims alike all "turtles in the  
tank."

## THE MIND

What though you imprison my body,  
The flesh and the blood and the bone,  
In dungeons, and wrack it and tear it  
And grind it on grating and stone,  
And scar it with curses and lashes,  
Then seek some new torture to find,  
I'll laugh at my own crimson splashes,  
For you cannot imprison my mind.

My body may go where you send it  
And wither and rot and decay  
'Mong the scum of the earth who are  
sentenced  
For life—be it years or a day.  
All accursed in the chains you may rivet,  
E'en there will be the fates yet be  
kind.  
My thoughts are my life as I live it,  
And you cannot imprison my mind.

## TO JUDGE H. T.

Snow-crowned, as firm as rugged mountains are,

With scales of justice balanced to decide,

No eloquence of "Orator at Bar"

Can make the wrong the right to override.

You there with knowledge ruling in your brain,

On judgment sit for pauper and for peer,

The fountains of the source of law to drain,

Then render justice, tintured not with fear.

Could others, who will follow in your way,

Be made to know what animates your heart,

Dawn then would come for that oft-hoped for day

When prejudice from justice will depart.

The law will be respected, and the bench  
Attain the place designed in days of  
old,  
Freed from contamination and the  
stench  
Of judgments purchased with unholy  
gold.

Long may you live and long the ermine  
wear;  
Long may you hold the scales of Jus-  
tice blind;  
Long may you be in envy's fiercest  
glare,  
JUST as you are, and fearless, true  
and kind.  
Then, when the summons comes for you  
to go  
To join the shades of Blackstone and  
of Kent,  
Your name will live and with the ages  
grow,  
For you, as they indeed, are Heaven-  
sent.



## THE CHANGE

The skies will not always be cloudy,  
The rain cannot fall all the time,  
The dull leaden gray of the long gloomy  
day

Must make way after while for sunshine  
The coal moaning winds of the Winter,  
The frost and the ice and the snow  
Will leave afterwhile and the Spring-  
time's glad smile  
Blot out all the chill with its glow.

Then the roses will bloom in their beauty  
And the daisies peep forth in the dell,  
And the violets blue in their silken dress  
new

Deck the homes where our loving ones  
dwell.

The air will be filled with sweet music,  
The murmuring breath of the breeze  
Will sing a love song of a love that is  
strong,  
Of happiness, joy and of ease.

## THE DAWN

November 16, 1907

There is a new light in the east. The brightest day in all the history of the Red Man's land has dawned. From out the skies of the receding night a band of hardy pioneers, builders of an empire, have plucked the brightest star and with brave hands and patriotic hearts, pinned it to the azure field of Old Glory, adding a new lustre to the Nation's flag.

In imperishable letters a new name has been inscribed upon the banner of freedom—a name synonymous with success, with beauty, grandeur, patriotism, fidelity, prosperity, loyalty and love of home; a name crooned as a lullaby in bygone days when, sitting in the twilight of the boundless prairies, the Indian mother from her tepee watched the shadows lengthen into night and put her little ones to sleep; a name interwoven in the matchless history of marvelous things accomplished by those who dared to put their blood and brain

and brawn into the contest and win a victory where defeat seemed most certain; a name now heard along the arteries of commerce, in the busy marts of trade and wherever beats the Nation's throbbing heart of industry: OKLAHOMA.

But, yesterday, we were a million and a half of political orphans, misunderstood, misgoverned and mistreated. Today we stand erect, clothed with the full panoply of American citizenship, in all things the equal in fact as well as in name, of the proudest people of the Nation. But yesterday, to all the other state we were strangers. Today we have entered into our inheritance and wear upon our brow the full-flowered wreath of American manhood and take our place in Columbia's household as the most favored of all of the Nation's children. But yesterday, the long-range government by appointment, by telegraph and by misinformation was the rule. Today we begin a new era with the ideal government of the immortal Lincoln, a government of the people, for the people and by the people. Looking down the darkeneing shadows of the past, with its obstructions to advance-

ment swept aside by the energy, determination and ambition of our people, we turn with confidence to the future, secure in the belief that tomorrow will bring to us but additional triumphs in life's battle. In this hour of our emancipation, when paens of joy are ascending throughout the land, when the clang of the political shackles falling from the arms of freemen makes wondrous music for the patriots who fought in freedom's cause, it is but meet that we should pause and give to those who led the van a fervent "God bless you," and tell them they have builded better than they knew in giving to posterity the greatest commonwealth the Nation ever welcomed into the sisterhood of states.



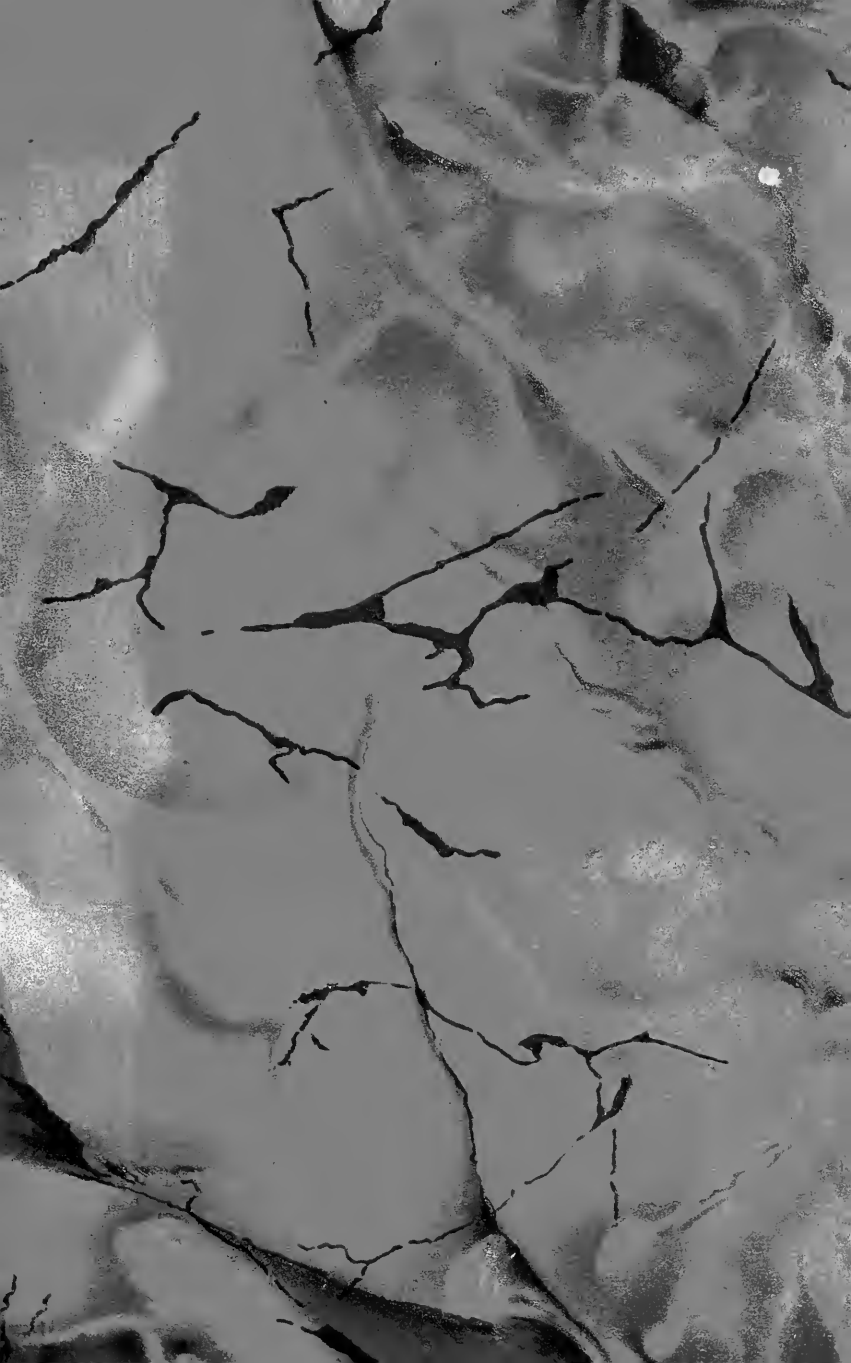












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